

THE

ASSOCIATION:

O R,

LIBERTY *and* LOYALTY.

VERSES occasion'd by

The present Unnatural REBELION.

By THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

- - - - - coorta est
Seditio, Scervitque animis ignobile vulgus.

VIRG.

- - - ne tanta animis assuescite Bella;
Neu Patriæ Validas in viscera vertite vires.

VIRG.

Kind Patrons take this Poem in good Part,
And spare bad Numbers for an honest Heart.

ROWE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. BICKERTON, in the *Temple Exchange*, opposite
St. *Dunstan's* Church, *Fleet-street*.

M.D.CC.XLV.

T H E

ASSOCIATION:



O R

LIBERTY and LOYALTY.

VERSES occasioned by

The present Unnatural Rebellion.

BY THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

... ..
... ..

VIRG.

... ..
... ..

VIRG.

Kind Patrons take this Poem in good Part
And spare bad Numbers for an honest Heart.

Rowe.

L O W D O N :

Printed for W. BICKERTON, in the Temple Church, opposite
St. Dunstons Church, Fleet-street.

M.DCCXIV.

A Speech of Lord *Hastings*, in ROWE'S

JANE SHORE.

REMEMBER him, the Villain, righteous Heaven,

" In thy great Day of Vengeance: Blast the Traitor

" And his pernicious Councils; who for Wealth,

" For Power, the Pride of Greatness, or Revenge,

" Would plunge his native Land in Civil Wars.

" Have we so soon forgot those Days of Ruin,

" When York and Lancaster drew forth their Battles!

" When, like a Matron, butcher'd by her Sons,

" And cast beside some common Way a Spectacle

" Of Horror and Affright to Passers by,

" Our groaning Country bled at every Vein,

" When Murders, Rapes, and Massacres prevail'd;

" When Churches, Palaces and Cities blas'd;

" When Insolence and Barbarism triumph'd,

" And swept away Distinction; Peasants trod

" Upon the Necks of Nobles; low were laid

" The reverend Crozier, and the holy Mitre,

" And Desolation cover'd all the Land:

" Who can remember this, and not, like me,

" Here vow to sheath a Dagger in his Heart,

" Whose damn'd Ambition would renew those Horrors,

" And set, once more, that Scene of Blood before us?

To the Candid Reader.

AFTER a Series of Misfortunes, and meeting with the most ungenerous Treatment, from some whom I least suspected, and least deserv'd it from, I feel the additional Grievance of being a Prisoner in the *Fleet* ; tho' I have assign'd Two Thirds of my future Salary for the Payment of my Debts, if my Creditors will be so good to allow me Liberty to work for them, as well as myself: While I seem to complain of Want of Lenity in some, Gratitude obliges me to acknowledge the Favour shewn me by others; as Several, whose Demands on me are largest, have not only the Humanity to come into this Proposal themselves, but have endeavour'd to instil the same generous Sentiments into the rest. Yet a few are unkind enough to have continu'd me (for these five Months past) in a Place, where I am incapable of getting Bread, either for myself or Children. The Mind may be free, tho' the Body's confin'd; as a Proof of which, I employ'd a little of my Leisure in the few following Lines: If they in any Degree prove acceptable to the Publick, I am over pay'd.

My Impatience to attest my Loyalty and Affection to the Person of his Majesty and the present Establishment, may, perhaps, make me too quick in the Publication of what I have thus loosely thrown on Paper, and the Consciousness of my Inability to perfect the Task I have undertaken, require some Apology; — Let the Honesty of the Intention plead my Excuse: If I am found to be a good Subject, I'll not repine at being thought an indifferent Poet. I think, at this Juncture, it becomes not an *Englishman* to be totally silent, unwatchful, or inactive; Neutrality, at this Crisis, is a Crime: And may we not reasonably suspect those Gentry, are not quite sound of Heart, who, like their politick Friend *Scrub* in the *Stratagem*, resolve “ to say nothing “ till they're sure of a Peace?”



T H E
ASSOCIATION:

O R,
LIBERTY and LOYALTY.

W RONGS to redress, and Justice to
maintain,
Has been the Business of our So-

vereign's Reign;
The Injur'd from Oppression's Sword to save,
To punish Vice, and to reward the Brave;
His Subjects from Invasions to defend,
And his Allies, in their Distress, befriend;

Unbias'd to assert the general Good,
~~For Europe's Safety to expend his Blood:~~
 To fix the Ballance of her Power his View;
 That golden Point unerring to pursue,
 Was the first End that Providence design'd,
 When for Benificence she form'd his Mind.
 Well this appear'd, when *Gallic* Arms, of late,
 Join'd with *Bavarian*, threaten'd *Europe's* Fate;
Hungaria's Princess desolate remain'd,
 Her Legions slaughter'd, and her Treasures drain'd;
 When her Allies fraternal were afraid,
 To send that Queen her stipulated Aid,
 Touch'd with Compassion, *generous Brunswick* came,
 And poiz'd the Balance steady on the Beam.
 Thousands of *Gauls* lay stretch'd along the Plain,
 Thousands were drown'd repassing thro' the *Mayne*;
 And while those *Gauls* precipitately ran,
 They hop'd more Mercy from the Deep than Man:
 So, when a *Priest-rid Tyrant* heretofore,
 The *Papal Power* attempted to restore,
 Soon as he saw *brave Nassau's* Troops advance,
 He fled for Refuge to the Arms of *France*.



O, may our *Monarch* still, by Deeds the same,
Protect this Kingdom, gain a deathless Name,
And with *immortal William*, share *immortal Fame*.)

While *England's* Safety *George's* Thoughts controut,
(The fav'rite in felt Impulse of his Soul)
That Trade may flourish, Peace may be restor'd,
HE, to the *Empire* gives a *Sovereign Lord*;
Nor Toil, nor Treasure spares: Yet, strange to tell!
A ran'rous Rebel Rabble Rout, from Hell,
Flatter'd by *Rome*, cajol'd by treach'rous *France*,
Our fertil Fields to waste, with hasty Strides advance;
A medley, mischief-making, motley Crew,
Un-hos'd, un-breech'd, — some shod; — but, those,
how few!

Begot by Rapes, by Rapine fed, they prove,
Without Wit wicked, Lustful without Love;
Of mongrel *French* and *Scotch*, a Mixture bad,
Half-blooded, and cross-bred, from Sires run mad;
Train'd in Hypocrisy, that impious Evil!
They *God* affront, yet meanly fear the *Devil*!
Lawless Banditti, who, abandon'd, dare
Miscall base Robbery, and foul Murder, War;

Tyrants

Tyrants at heart, ungenerously brave,
 They fight not to protect, but to enslave;
 Should they succeed (which Heaven avert!) their Fate
 Now mark, how just! which they'll repent too late;
 Frantic, fool-hardy, bigot-blinded Elves,
 The Snares, for others laid, entrap themselves:
 To glut the Malice, and the Pride, they come,
 Of *Paris*, *Madrid*, and insatiate *Rome*.
 Now, all their papal Puppet-shews display'd,
 That tinsel'd Trump'ry which supports their Trade;
Monks teach deluded Mortals to believe,
 They merit Heav'n, who Hereticks deceive:
 " Again religious Fires prepare to shine,
 " And Inquisitions plead their Right Divine."

England, provok'd, now feels, one generous Soul
 Inspires each honest Heart, to loyalize the Whole;
 From *northern Tweed*, far as the *eastmost Thames*,
 A Patriot-Passion every Breast inflames:
 The *healthy Hunters*, whose high mettled Blood
 Late swept the Vale, or beat the neighb'ring Wood,
 To chase the *wily Fox*, quick catch th' Alarm;
 Themselves, their *Tenants*, and their *Huntsmen* arm:

In

In full Career, their Coursers scour the Plain,
To seek a *more pernicious savage Train*.

The *Farmer*, strait, unyokes the generous Steed,
Who, from his tramel'd Harnes, being freed,
Snuffs up the Air, and jocund, neighs aloud,
Of his new Trappings and arm'd Master proud;
Both find their Bosoms with new Spirit fill'd,
And march to guard the Lands they lately till'd:
Divines and Nobles, Gentry, Merchants, All,
Chearful associate at their *Country's* Call;
Without Distinction, dauntless issue forth,
To dare the *Desparadoes* of the *North*.

O thou, great God of Battles, stretch thy Hand,
All pow'rful, to preserve this threaten'd Land;
All Hearts, all Hands unite; support the Cause
Of Loyalty, Religion, Freedom, Laws!
O'er our courageous Chiefs, may'st thou preside, }
Our Councils thy unerring Wisdom guide; }
Nor let dire Faction, more, this happy Realm divide! }

C

F I N I S.

In full Career, their Couriers pour the Plain
To seek a more pernicious Foreign Train
The Farmer, from his plough, unyokes the generous Steed,
Who, from his trampled Harrows, being freed,
Snuffs up the Air, and jouncing, neighs aloud,
Of his new Tappings and armed Master proud;
Both find their Boloms with new Spirit fill'd,
And march to guard the Lands they lately till'd:
Dinner and Mobs, Camp, March, and All,
Cheerful officiate at their Country's Call;
Without Distinction, dauntless like to fight,
To dare the Despotism of the North.



O thou, great God of Battles, stretch thy Hand,
All pow'ful, to preserve this sacred Land;
All Hearts, all Hands unite; support the Cause
Of Liberty, Religion, Freedom, Laws!
O'er our courageous Chiefs, mayst thou provide
Our Councils thy unerring Wisdom guide;
Not let dire Faction more this happy Realm divide!

C

F I W I S